

save souls? Did you ever hear it discussed, brethren, in the ministry, in the presbytery?

We discuss Articles of Agreement, etc., that are important and valuable, but do we spend time in our church courts in discussing the great aim and object of the Church itself?

When we come to read statistics, and statistics are not uninteresting; when we come to see the meager numbers that are put down in that line of addition by examination; when we read that some churches large in numbers report one or two or three or half a dozen souls saved, we are impressed with this fact, that the rank and file of the Church have never yet grasped the idea and aim of the church life.

Three Thousand to Save One.

We read in the second chapter of Acts that under the inspiration of one sermon, animated by this definite aim of saving immortal souls, three thousand souls were added unto the Church in one day, and somebody has very wittily said that that now it takes three thousand sermons to convert one soul. The ratio is turned around; instead of one sermon converting three thousand, it takes about three thousand sermons to convert one man. We have been satisfied with lesser things, and God has given us what we have asked for.

Sometimes you will see that the newspapers—for newspapers are taking to discussing religious topics—you see sometimes in the newspapers in black headlines **"IS CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE?"** My friends, some man answered that "No, Christianity has never failed because Christianity has never been tried," and consequently anything that has never been tried, can not be said to be a failure. If our only aim and purpose in life is simply to feed the bodies and clothe the bodies of the poor—why, my friends, if the aim and object of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ is to right social wrongs—I wish to be heard, if the aim and object of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ is simply to right social wrongs, if it is to cultivate the aesthetic taste, we would just as well throw the Bible into the fire, and take the writings of Confucius; they will do just as well.

(To be Continued.)

THE BREEZE.

On the water was the silver gleam of the moonlight, lying in a broad ribbon from the night's horizon to the ship.

Moved by the restless motion of the sea, and rising in exquisite curves where the prow tossed it, the beautiful sheen captivated the eye.

Going forward to enjoy it in silence, away from the music and laughter of charming senoritas, a breeze from the Caribbean swept the rail and refreshed one's whole being. Soft and sweet, yet cool and insistent, it was both invigorating and calming, wooing to restful sleep.

Only a wall separated the stateroom from the deck, and the same soft breeze came thither, but as the slatted screen shut out the moonlight and concealed the electricity from without, a wild noise came from the wind on the shutter, denizens of tropical forests might have come to make night hideous!

A touch and the electric spark went out, the shutter was fastened open, and as a weary head touched the pillow the quiet moonlight breeze re-entered.

Then came a realization. Not from God come the winds which howl about us. He sends the refreshing breeze, quieting and strengthening us for our proper tasks. 'Tis we ourselves who draw the shutters or build the fences which interrupt the wind of the Spirit so that we no longer recognize its voice.

Let us throw open the shutters, tear down the obstructions, and again breathe only the heaven-sent calm of the Lord's still voice.

Cartegena.

OLD AGE.

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten
Had but begun his "Characters of Men."
Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales."
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.

What, then? Shall we sit idly down and say,
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

—From *Morituri Salutamus*.

ABOUT CHRIST.

Will some good brother tell me if the Bible is worth anything if Christ is not the Son of God, and as such, as the Jews charged him as claiming, the equal of God? If I understand the teaching of our Confession of Faith, and as I believe of the Bible, there is no possible hope for any one ever to be saved, but by him through the virtue of his atonement. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

The underlying doctrine of the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelation, is that of substitution. The one leading truth is, that by some way, there must be made satisfaction to the law of God, which man has violated, that the demands of the law may be met, and the transgressor saved. The one who is guilty must in his own person pay the penalty of the law, or one who has the ability to do so must pay it for him.

Taking the teaching of our Church as true, is there any possible hope for any one to be saved who denies that Christ is the Son of God, the divinely appointed substitute for the sinner? Can any one who denies his divinity, his miraculous conception and birth, the mysterious union of human and divine natures in which